"S'Matter, Pop?" — By C. M. Payne

The New Plays

"Family Cupboard" Contains a Little of Everything.

BY CHARLES DARNTON.

"I'm going," said the old servitor in the fourth act of "The Family Cupboard" at the Playhouse last night, only pausing to explain, "It's all too low—not what I'm accustomed to."

While no one but a gently reared servant, perhaps, would care to go so far as that, there's no denying that Owen Davis's play, in its desperate attempts to be "startling," grew a trifle flashy and extremely wild, speaking recklessly as it were, after a decidedly promising first act that took up an interesting subject. It appeared that an extravagant wife going the social pace had made of her home nothing but a place where her husband could eat and sleep, and her daughter told her so in a few simple, straightforward words that rang so true as to command respect. To add to the interest Miss Alice Brady, who has never given us occasion to take her seriously, acted with such sincerity and understanding that she won instant attention for herself and the play. But there was no holding the home or the play together when the mother, who had begun to see the error of her ways, overheard her hot-headed young son (he had been drinking, weak youth!) hurl the charge at his father: "You are keeping a chorus girl!"

Irene Fenwick as Kitty May.
Franklyn Ardell as Dick Le Roy.

Little revelations of that sort are not, of course, conducive to domestic peace, and when Charles Nelson was compelled to admit that his boy was not a liar Mrs. Nelson decided to leave her husband to the tender mercies of the chorus girl. But instead he went to live by himself in the Alpine Apartments, where some very tall talking went on in the reception room. Even the elevator man and the telephone girl aired their views on everything from babies to parents. It was quite the chattiest little reception room that an apartment house has ever disclosed. Here it was, if you please, that Nelson broke with the chorus girl in spite of the half-Nelson she got on him in her violent grief at parting; here it was, if you don't please, that she called his wife a fool at her first meeting with that lady, and here it was again, after she had dried her eyes and picked up a few twenty-dollar bills, that she walked off with some exceedingly easy money in the form of her very recent patron's son Kenneth.

About this time it began to look as though the play should have been called "The Chorus Girl's Revenge." In fact Kitty had threatened to "get" the unhappy Mr. Nelson. Yet when Kenneth, who now took only one cocktail before breakfast and was thinking of going to work, asked her to marry him she wouldn't do it. Then his father came in and the truth came out. This was melodramatic enough to suit almost anybody but the author, yet the unpleasant scene didn't end there. The boy struck his father and then fell whimpering at his feet. The father took it quietly, even gratefully, feeling it might bring them together again. He was really very nice about it.

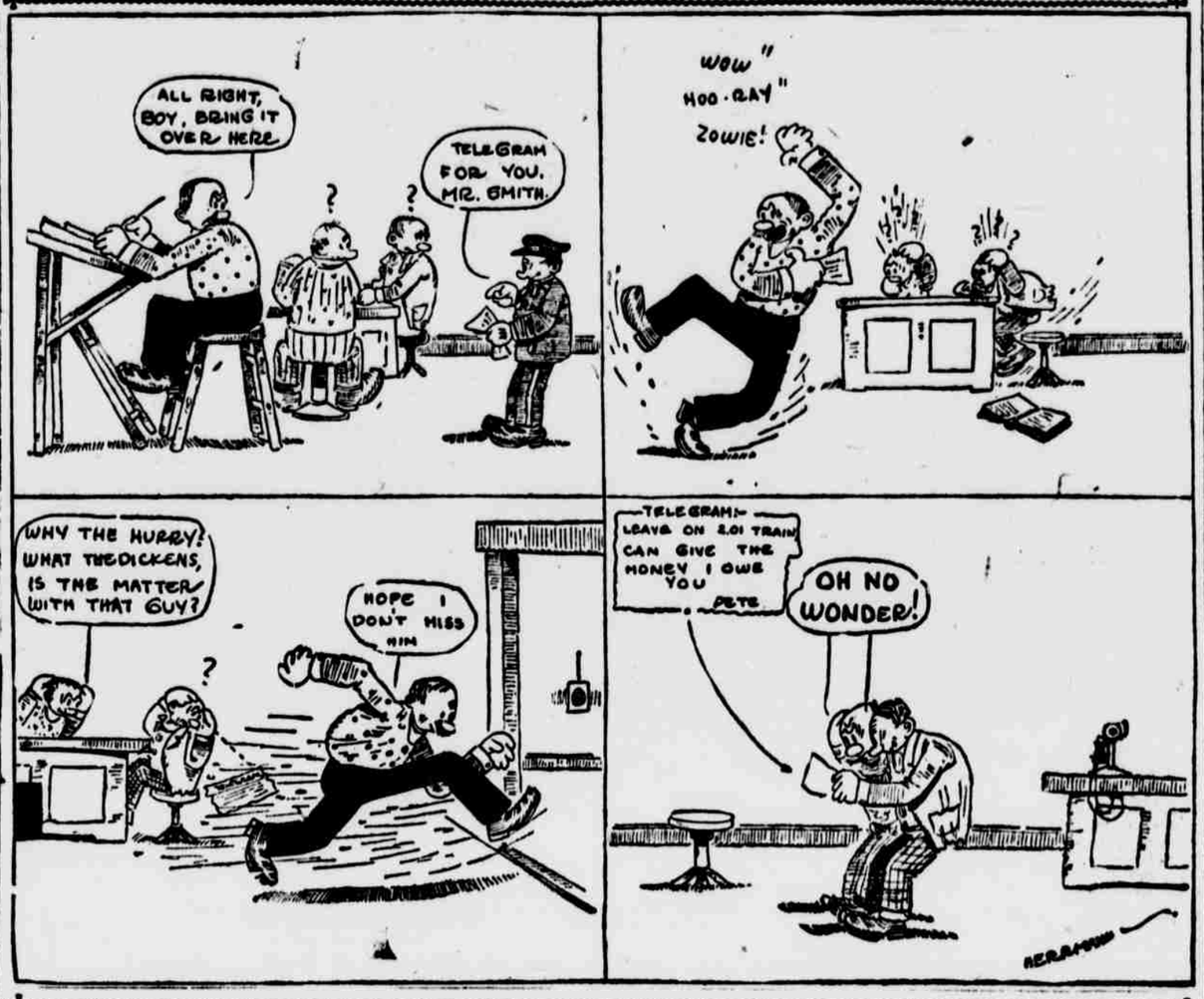
William Morris as Charles Nelson.
Forrest Winnant as Kenneth Nelson.

By way of relief a vaudeville gent hit up the piano in Kenneth's rooms and sang the song that was to lure Kitty back to Art. Her love for it proved stronger than her love for Kenneth when his money was gone, and so she skipped out with her "partner" in the sketch that was to give Albany a treat four times a day. To make Kenneth feel worse, the old cab driver who had been hanging around confessed he was Kitty's dad and also reviewed his child's romantic career until the pained youth implored him to stop. It took Kenneth's mother a long time to prevent him from killing himself. She struggled with him until his father arrived and then fell back in a chair that lost its balance and gave Miss Olive Harper Thorne, who played the part, a very bad fall. Miss Thorne managed her role very well, but she almost made the last scene ridiculous by playing it in a slit skirt.

By dropping into affectations of speech at times Miss Irene Fenwick just missed making the chorus girl a real creation. Otherwise her work was very good indeed. William Morris played the neglected husband who went wrong with praiseworthy restraint, and Forrest Winnant suggested the weak youth in everything he said and did. But best of all was Franklyn Ardell as the vaudeville performer who finally walked off with Kitty. He was the American counterpart of that rare and racy character that led Zazo back to the music hall. Mr. Ardell gave the play its only "atmosphere."

It would be quite in keeping with the violent trend of the play for the embittered youth to kill himself, for after all its one chance of popularity lies in its thrills. "The Family Cupboard" contains a little of everything, but hardly enough of anything to give it value except in the box-office. It will no doubt appeal to sensation seekers, but not to families generally, for to put it mildly the Nelson family is rather unique.

No Wonder!



Stop Thief!

The Great Laugh-Story of the Summer

Novelized From the Successful Play of the Same Title

(Copyright, 1913, by H. K. Fly Co.)

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

James Cluney is about to marry Madge Carr, a daughter of an absent-minded old merchant. Many costly wedding presents have been sent to the Carrs' Riverside Drive home. Their value excites the cupidity of Jack Doogan, a clever thief, who resolves to steal them. Doogan enlists the aid of Nell Jones, a girl to whom he is engaged. Nell secures a place as lady's maid at the Carrs'. On the morning of the wedding Cluney nervously asks his "best man," Dr. Willoughby, if it is safe for him to smoke, as eccentric uncle's mental failings may have been inherited by him in the form of kleptomania. Nell steals a ruby from among the wedding presents. Cluney telephones to Police Headquarters for a detective. Later he asks Mr. Carr to put into the library safe for him a bundle of bonds, a wedding present for Madge. Doogan is admitted to the house by Nell. Detective Thompson, for whom Cluney has telephoned, arrives. He is met by Nell, who introduces Doogan as "Cluney." Doogan gets rid of Thompson by a ruse and then introduces himself to Cluney as the detective he has sent for. Cluney begs Doogan to watch him and to curb any tendency on his part toward kleptomania. Several presents are missing. Jamison, a business friend who has given Carr some stock certificates as collateral for a loan, comes to redeem the certificates. The safe in which they have been placed for safety is found looted. Jamison goes for the police, who announce that everybody must be searched. One policeman's attention is attracted by the secret efforts of several members of the family to take something from Mr. Carr's pocket.

CHAPTER XXIV

(Continued.)

The Power of the Eye.

MEANWHILE the three men on the sofa had plunged into a whispered conversation, and oblivious of all that was going on around them.

"Let's tell him the stocks are in the safe," whispered Dr. Willoughby to his companions.

"What's the good of that?" asked Cluney.

"It's no lie," replied the doctor. "I put them there."

"You did?" was Clunsy's astonished query.

"Sure!"

"Don't tell them that," interposed Doogan, hurriedly. "Or you'll have to explain where you got them."

"Here! What are you fellows whispering about?" shouted the sergeant from across the room, where Joan had been trying to hold him in conversation about nothing in particular—although, being a very pretty girl, she had no difficulty in keeping the sergeant with her.

Stern as he was in the execution of his duty, the sergeant was only a man, after all, and a very impressible one so far as the blandishments of the gentler sex were concerned.

The whispering continued, and Dr. Willoughby cautioned his two companions not to answer when the sergeant's question was repeated in a louder, more threatening tone:

"What are you whispering about?"

"Nothing!" replied Dr. Willoughby.

But the sergeant was not satisfied. With a hasty "Excuse me!" to Joan he marched over to Clancey and pointed to the three men on the sofa.

"Keep your eye on them, Clancey," he ordered. "Don't let them frame anything. Listen to every word they say." Then, turning to Willoughby, Cluney and Doogan, he went on: "I think you fellows had better spread out. Come on! Split out! Get apart!"

The three arose, as bidden, and while Doogan and Willoughby strolled around the room toward Mr. and Mrs. Carr and the girls, Cluney attempted to slip quietly out of the door by which he might gain the street.

That vigilant officer, Clancey, was on the watch, however, and it was Clancey's hand that clapped itself on James Cluney's shoulder with a sharp "No, you don't! You heard what the 'sarge' said."

James Cluney did not reply, but he resigned himself to the inevitable and walked around to stand by the side of the girl whom he had expected to be his wife by this time, but who seemed further away from him now than ever, judging by the unlikelihood of any wedding on this day.

Mrs. Carr had been talking to her husband, and now Mr. Carr, with a look of determination on his countenance, came forward and said, in a resolute tone:

"Mr. Sergeant! Mr. Sergeant!"

"No, no! I'll not listen," replied that autocrat.

"What I want to say," persisted Mr. Carr, "is that this is our house."

The sergeant paid no heed, and Mr. Carr, with a shrug of his shoulders that seemed to ask "What's the use?" began to whistle "Home, Sweet Home!" very much off the key.

"Now! Now!" whispered Mrs. Carr to her daughter. And Madge once more tried to get her hand into her father's pocket.

Clancey moved forward from the door where he had been on guard and stared at Madge's manoeuvres, while Mr. Carr whistled louder.

"Cut out that whistling!" commanded the sergeant, and Mr. Carr stopped in the middle of a bar.

"It's no use, Madge," murmured Mrs. Carr, "the sergeant and the other policemen are watching us like hawks."

"Maybe if we could get into the dining-room," suggested Madge.

"Yes, that might do. Joan!"

"Yes, mother."

"Tell them we are hungry."

"Very well, mother. Mr. Sergeant," she said, aloud, "We haven't had a bite since breakfast. Please may we have something to eat?"

Joan had been very gracious to the sergeant as they stood chatting at the other end of the room, and he was disposed to do anything he could to please her—within reason. So he answered at once, in a gentler tone than he used to the others, as a rule:

"Well, that's pretty hard, miss, if you're hungry. Sure! Go ahead and get something."

"Ah," said Mrs. Carr, with a pleased look. "Come, William!"

William Carr moved with alacrity, and the minister was not at all slow in walking toward the dining-room. James Cluney, Dr. Willoughby and Doogan also stirred in that direction.

"Thanks, Sergeant," said Clancy, effusively.

But the sergeant was not to be cajoled. He immediately pushed Cluney, Doogan and Dr. Willoughby back toward the sofa, saying, gruffly: "No! Get back there! I want you three fellows to stay over there. The rest of them are all right, O'Malley. They're hungry."

"Hungry, is it?" rejoined O'Malley, with a sneer. "Well, for the last ten minutes every last one of them has been trying to get something out of that old man's pocket."

"How dare you?" demanded Mrs. Carr, ready to cry.

"Oh! So that's the game, is it?" bellowed the sergeant. "Trying to slip something over on me?"

He strode toward Cluney, Dr. Willoughby and Doogan, who were standing in a row in front of the sofa. As he reached them all three dropped upon the sofa, and he turned to round up the others. If he had been angry before he was actually boiling now.

CHAPTER XXV.

Who Hid the Chocolate Pot?

BEFORE he could get to William Carr, who had hidden behind his wife, Mr. Carr coughed apprehensively.

"Stop that coughing!" snapped the sergeant.

"But my throat tickles," apologized Mr. Carr.

"Don't let it tickle. Keep quiet!"

In a matter-of-fact way, the sergeant drove Mrs. Carr, Joan and Madge to the side of the room opposite the sofa. Then he motioned to Caroline and the minister to go there, too, but told William Carr to stand near the table, a little apart from the others. He would have no more tampering with Mr. Carr's pockets by any one if he could help it.

There was silence for a few moments, during which the sergeant gazed at his captives in fierce satisfaction, and wondered how long Mr. Jamison would be with the new warrant he was to bring from Headquarters.

"Joan!" whispered Mrs. Carr, turning her ear-trumpet toward her youngest daughter's mouth.

"Yes, mother!"

"See if the sergeant will let you make some chocolate."

"What for?" whispered Joan.

"To distract his attention. Your father has something in his pocket."

Joan nodded, and tripped over to the sergeant. She took hold of his sleeve, and, as he turned abruptly, smiled up at him so winningly that he was willing to do anything she asked at once.

"Please, may I serve some chocolate?" she asked, meekly. "We're half starved—really we are." She patted him on the sleeve with a caressing gentleness that few men could resist—certainly not this susceptible policeman—and purred: "There's a dear sergeant!"

He looked down at her with a smile. There was no question that Joan Carr was a remarkably pretty girl, and it was not in the nature of the average man ever to look at her without a smile.

"Well, I guess it will be all right, miss," said the sergeant. "If I go with you * * * O'Malley!"

"Yes, sir?"

"Look out for things here while I take charge of the young lady."

"Yes, sir."

The sergeant gallantly offered his arm to Joan, who took it with a smile, and the two went out on their way to the dining room. Dr. Willoughby was indignant at seeing the sergeant thus taking possession of Joan. It must be remembered that the doctor had a marriage license in his pocket, which he hoped to employ in becoming the husband of Miss Joan. No ardent lover cares to see his sweetheart carried off by a smugly-smiling policeman.

So Dr. Willoughby was rushing after them, when O'Malley interposed and pushed him toward the sofa with a short "Get back there!"

"I won't have it!" insisted Willoughby, struggling with the policeman, until he was tipped backward upon the sofa.

"See here, officer!" interposed James Cluney. "You don't understand."

"Yes, I do understand," retorted O'Malley.

"I won't have that man going with her," shouted the doctor.

"Oh, I guess she's been in worse company," grinned O'Malley.

His grin was abruptly changed into a frown as he turned and saw Mrs. Carr's hand in her husband's pocket. O'Malley, like his chief, was exceedingly curious to know what it was that everybody was trying to get away from Mr. Carr without the police knowing anything about it.

"Here, madam!" he called out. "Take your hand out of that man's pocket. I'm watching you!"

O'Malley saw that Dr. Willoughby and Cluney were whispering on the sofa, and slipped behind them in the effort to overhear what they were saying. Mrs. Carr took advantage of his momentary inattention to make another attempt to get her hand into her husband's pocket. But without success, for O'Malley looked at her again before she could reach whatever it was she wanted.

Casey, the third policeman, decided that he would like a drink of water, and he opened the door leading to the kitchen part of the house and stepped out of sight.

Jack Doogan, continuously on the watch for some means of escape, picked up his hat, and seeing that no one was guarding the door to the front hall, sauntered toward it, apparently without thinking what he was doing. But Clancey of the sharp black eyes had been watching Doogan, and divining his intention, slipped through to the front hall and awaited developments.

Clancey had not long to wait. The next minute Doogan slid into the hall—right into Clancey's arms!

"Hello!" grunted Clancey. "What do you want?"

"I just wanted to see whether anybody was out here," replied the unabashed Doogan, as he strolled back into the library, with Clancey at his heels.

"I wonder what all that racket is in the dining room," observed Cluney to Willoughby, as they heard the sergeant's voice shouting: "I've got it! I've got it!"

"What the dickens has he got?" responded the doctor. "He's making noise enough about it."

The sergeant dashed into the library, holding up a sheaf of legal-looking papers inclosed by a wide rubber band, while Joan Carr, almost as excited as the sergeant, came running in after him.

"What is it?" asked Mr. Carr. "The warrant?"

"No, no. The certificates. I knew I'd find them!" boasted the sergeant.

He placed the bundle of papers in William Carr's hands, and the old gentleman slowly fumbled at them in the endeavor to see what they were.

"The securities!" cried Cluney. Then, aside to Dr. Willoughby: "How's this, Willoughby? I thought you put them in the safe."

"So I did," declared the doctor. "Didn't I?" he asked of Doogan, who was by his side.

"Ah! That nutt!" whispered Doogan, disgustedly, as he glanced at the sergeant. "They're not the certificates. It's got the bonds."

"These are the bonds," exclaimed Mr. Carr at that instant, unconsciously corroborating Doogan.

James Cluney walked swiftly across the room, looked at the papers, which William Carr had returned to the sergeant, and saw that they were, indeed, the International Steel bonds which he had brought to the house as a wedding present for his bride-to-be.

"They were in the chocolate-pot," explained Joan, with a puzzled look. "Who'd have expected to find such a thing there?"

(To Be Continued.)

My Hunt for a Wife

A New York Bachelor's "Quest of the Golden Girl."

By Victor J. Wilson.

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9.—THE GIRL WITH A HENPECKED FATHER.

"FAINT heart ne'er won fair maid" was my firm belief when I began to court Pamela L., an auburn-haired slip of a girl of twenty hardly reaching as high as my shoulder.

She was an only child of a mother who looked as young as a sister, and an adoring father absorbed in business and very much henpecked.

I met Pamela at the seashore, and we spent June and July there in infantile unconcern. During August I invited Pamela and her mother to tour the Adirondack Mountains by automobile, and we made a happy trio. When "Daddy" joined us for a week-end now and then our trio became a quartet. I liked the "old scout," and he seemed well enough inclined toward me. I found one unforgivable fault in his make-up—namely, that he allowed the weaker sex to rule him. No matter what the issue might be Pamela and her mother always carried off the palm.

Pamela seemed spoiled for a husband who by force of his own nature would be master of the roost. After many struggles I succeeded in convincing her that I would not be a henpecked husband and that, in fact, I was to be master.

One can talk before marriage, but there is no foreseeing how the tables may be turned afterward. It is futile to calculate without taking into consideration the moods of a woman.

"Mamma" suspected for a long time that the little god of love had been influencing us and she was almost as happy as we two lovers when her little daughter told her we intended to be married.

Our engagement had been about two months old. I had not spoken of my love to my future father-in-law and had entirely overlooked the formality of asking his blessing, to say nothing of seeking his consent. It seemed very unnecessary to consult him when, without a doubt, any objection he might have would be overcome by Pamela's pleading.

One late afternoon in the autumn I went up to Westchester to dine with my fiancee and her parents. Having an hour before dinner, Pam and I strolled in the woods near by. Pam was more pensive than I had ever seen her. Being solicitous over the unwonted quiet, I inquired what the reason was for it. She replied, "Well, Vic, to be candid with you, I think we have both been wrong. We all know 'Daddy' spoils me more than he should, but I love him no less for all his leniency. He is very much offended because you have never spoken to him about our engagement."

I argued with her that I did not see the necessity of talking to "Daddy" when he already knew all about it from her mother and herself. But as Pam seemed to think I was very much in the wrong, that night when "Daddy" and I were left alone over our cigars I suddenly blurted out, not realising in my embarrassment the full force of my remarks, "You have heard that your daughter and I are going to be married, and I suppose I ought to ask your consent, but it won't make any difference to us if you don't give it."

I never in my life saw any one get so angry as "Daddy." And from the doting father and henpecked husband he was transformed to a man whose will was to be feared and respected.

"Young man, after such a speech as that I would not let you marry my daughter if she broke her heart over you. I have been an indulgent father, but I think in this matter my word will be law. You were speaking to the father of an only child, and I hardly think I care to trust what I prize more than anything else in the world to a man with your ideas."

Anything further I could say was of no avail to move the old man in his decision, and as Pamela was too soft-hearted to hurt one who had lived but to please her she refused to marry me without her father's consent. And so she was lost to me.

I deserved my punishment, but I still blame "Daddy" for deceiving me by suddenly and unexpectedly asserting himself.

Just Summer Suggestions

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FROZEN THINGS.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES wrote:

"I always thought cold victuals nice;
My choice would be vanilla ice."

But of course vanilla becomes tiresome after a while. So does chocolate or any other one flavor. Then, again, there are many people who will say: "Oh, I don't like just plain ice cream. I like things chopped up in it, or something besides the eternal vanilla, chocolate and strawberry." To these people the following recipes will be welcome:

Maraschino Parfait—Make a syrup of three-quarters of a cupful of sugar and one-half cupful of water. Beat the syrup into the whites of four eggs, previously beaten to a froth. Beat two cupfuls of cream and add slowly; also one cupful of cut-up maraschino cherries. Put the mixture into a mold, pack in salt and ice and let stand for three hours. Serve in glasses with whipped cream on top.

Turkish Cream—To one-half pint of whipped cream add one-quarter of a cupful of powdered sugar; dissolve a half teaspoonful of gelatine in one-eighth of a cupful of cold water, and add. Roll one dozen dry macaroons, pour a teaspoonful of vanilla over them and put with the other ingredients. When frozen serve banked with whipped cream.

Betty Vincent's Advice to Lovers

After Vacation.

BETTY VINCENT

THE summer is coming to an end and many of you are about to begin another year of hard work. The past season has been unusually cool and if you have had vacations you ought to be feeling in pretty good shape.

Try to keep yourselves in good condition during the coming year by taking proper care of yourselves. No young man or woman who works six days in the week should go to dances six evenings. It seems to me that once or twice a week is quite enough to spend evenings away from home and an early bedtime. The best and most refreshing tonic for workers is the natural one of sleep.

"J. G." writes: "I am very much in love with a girl who is a friend of one of my friends. He has told me that I must give her up or give him up. Which shall I do?"

This is a case in which you must decide whether the man's or the woman's friendship means most to you.